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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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NOVEMBER, 1821.  
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*MADAME CATALANI.*

**I**F England be not the land of harmony, it is nevertheless the birth-place of genius, and delights in giving encouragement to, and rewarding with the most munificent hand, superior talent, of whatever state or country it may be; thus bringing together to her happy land those who are gifted with endowments that her own natives cannot boast, and, with unequalled liberality, showering her gifts on those who well merit the distinguished preference and high favor they have obtained.

Amongst such deserving candidates for public favor, may be ranked in the first place, Angelica Catalani, who was born in the Papal dominions in or about the year 1782. Respectably, if not nobly, descended, she was placed in that genteel class of society which seemed at first to forbid her resorting to a professional life to ameliorate her fortune, which being but very small, like many other ladies thus situated, she was destined to take the veil.

The chaunting of the divine music in the Church of Rome, is, perhaps, one of the finest criterions whereby to judge of the excellence of vocal powers. The voice of the youthful Catalani was easily distinguished and admired as it ascended in delightful melody to the praises of the immaculate mother of our Redeemer. Friends and kindred united their persuasions that such intrinsic and wonderful harmony should

not be buried in a cloister; and she soon, even in her native land, carried off the palm of singing at the opera against veteran female performers. Her expressive and beautiful countenance, her youth, her excellent and graceful acting, all pleaded in her favor, and she was at that early period nearly established in fame, with scarce one rival competitor.

She visited the kingdom of Portugal; and the then Prince of Brazil, now King of Portugal, with his royal Consort, particularly patronized her. She was engaged at the Opera-house at Lisbon for five years, and during her residence there, she improved herself by devoting all her leisure hours to the study of music, and her singing became as scientific as it was melodious. Her allowance at the Opera-house at Lisbon was three thousand moidores per annum, besides a clear benefit. On her departure for Madrid, she was universally regretted; and having enjoyed not only the patronage, but the esteem and confidence, of the Princess of Brazil, she was furnished by that illustrious lady with letters of recommendation to the Royal Family of Spain, whose favor she experienced in the most ample degree, as well as that of all classes of people.

From Spain she went to Paris, where she married Monsieur Vallebraque; she still, however, retained the name on which her celebrity had been founded, and by which her merits were known; but she took the title of Madame, and dropt that of Signora.

The proprietors and managers of the Opera-house in the Haymarket, were eager to engage Madame Catalani; and in the year 1806, she consented to the offers they made her of allowing her two thousand pounds annually; and she appeared for the first time at the above theatre, in December, 1806, in the part of *Semiramide*, where, to a crowded, most respectable, and scientific audience, she received those unanimous and reiterated applauses, which merit the most rare can alone excite, and which imparted the most gratifying sensations to her own bosom.

Highly sensible of her very superior endowments, her emoluments were soon raised. In the year 1808, she was engaged to perform in serious Operas, while Madame Dussek was to take the chief characters in those that were comic, if Madame Catalani were indisposed. In 1809, Mr. Taylor,

the manager of the King's Theatre at that time, offered her six thousand pounds, with three benefits, payable in two equal payments, in 1810 and 1811, and this munificent proposal was for her performance for eighty nights, in serious opera. This offer, which, if made to any other than a Catalani, we should call exorbitant, she thought proper to refuse. This conduct, which arose from her brother not being engaged as first violin, together with the insolence and arrogance of her husband, M. Vallebraque, gave the generous English a kind of disgust, which though they yet highly estimated the harmonious talents of the lady, caused them to feel less of that warmth of friendship than they did at first, towards one they had so highly patronized. Her refusal of singing for a charitable institution was another cause of her loss of public favor; but let no one judge harshly of Madame Catalani on that account, since it is a certain fact, that she sent privately, as a donation to that very charity, the sum of twenty guineas.

In excuse for that omission, it is stated that she had been attacked with one of those indispositions which the uncertainty of our atmosphere was continually bringing on her; and who, especially a native accustomed to the pure and genial air of Italy, can encounter the fogs and frequent vicissitudes of the climate of Great Britain?

When the late Mr. Harris opened his new theatre in Covent Garden, he engaged Catalani to perform there occasionally. This engagement was, however, totally done away by the O. P. affair. Having, therefore, no fixed salary, she performed at the grand music meetings at Oxford and Cambridge, and at several of the chief towns in the United Kingdoms, till she was induced to become the Directress of the *Opera Comique*, at Paris; a trust that she has fulfilled with science, with infinite credit to herself, and benefit to the concern. She has occasionally visited the Court of Vienna; where her musical and vocal talents are held in very high estimation.

We cannot vouch for the late Emperor of France having much "music in his soul," but it is confidently asserted, that on his first hearing Madame Catalani sing at Paris, he was so enchanted by the melody of her voice, that he

sent her the next morning a present of two thousand Napoleons.

After an absence of seven years, she made her second appearance in England in July last, for the purpose of assisting in the vocal department at the Coronation. She gave a concert, on Monday, the 16th of July, at the Argyle-rooms, and was most enthusiastically greeted. Her voice is more beautiful, and even stronger, than when we last heard her. In singing Rode's violin variations, an indescribable effect was produced on the audience by this extraordinary exercise of the human voice, which displayed at once her amazing rapidity, strength, and sweetness; in fact, this must be pronounced the miracle of voice, and must be heard to be conceived. She looked remarkably well, and appeared highly gratified at seeing herself once again before a British audience.

Madame Catalani gave another concert on Monday the 30th of July, the profits of which were given in aid of the funds of the Westminster General Infirmary, which at once displays the benevolence of her heart, and must remove the unfounded prejudice imbibed by many of her avarice, or that she will never exert her talents but for her own emolument.

She is at present at Bath. We understand it is her intention to make the tour of Great Britain, and return to London next Spring.

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#### VESPASIAN.

TITUS VESPASIAN, the emperor, was deservedly called the Darling of Mankind. In taking upon him the supreme pontificate, he declared that his whole object in assuming so high a priesthood was, that he might be obliged to keep his hands free from the blood of all men. From that time forth, says Suetonius, he never was the author of, or consenting to, the death of any man, although he had often too just cause of revenge. He was wont to say, that "he would rather perish himself than be the ruin of another."

## MARRIAGE;

## A TALE.

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Is aught so fair

As the mild majesty of private life,  
Where peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns  
The gate; where honor's liberal hand effuse  
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
Of innocence and love protect the scene?

AKENSIDE.

TIME glided on, and now De Courcy appeared to the delighted view of his attentive observer, an altered being. His heart had received a severe, but salutary lesson, which the still delicate state of Agnes contributed to keep fresh in his mind. The fear of losing her, the remembrance of what he had endured at hearing of the death of Lady Desmond, and the scene which he had witnessed on his return, together with the recollection of the flagrant depravity which had caused these miseries, were ever before him, and for a considerable time cast a degree of seriousness and melancholy about him, that he was unable, even had he been anxious, to conquer.

To divert him, therefore, while she endeavored to fix the favorable impression which she perceived he had imbibed, was now the study of Agnes. Again she exerted all the powers of her mind, again every endowment of nature and education was called forth; she was his companion in all his pursuits, the promoter of every rational pleasure, and, though gentle and unobtrusive as before, she was his counsellor, his guide, and his monitor. If De Courcy may be said to have loved her before, he now looked upon her with a feeling of reverence that admitted of no description. No longer the light and inconsiderate being that he had formerly been, he gradually acquired that solidity and consistency of character, which was previously wanting to render the amiable qualities with which he was endowed estimable; that vanity, which had been his constant bane, had received an incurable wound, and humbled in his own opinion, he arose in proportion in that of others. Now did the grateful Agnes behold the husband of her affections becoming the creature her ardent imagination had pictured him; now, indeed, did her heart expand with

happiness, and now did the good Lefroy heartily accord that forgiveness and cordiality to him, which he had before only shewn from motives of delicacy and tenderness to Agnes.

Winter once more arrived, but De Courcy no longer sighed to leave his home, nor did he, or his Agnes, desire any variety but such as the rational and cheerful society of Lefroy afforded them. No restlessness of situation alloyed the comforts and pleasures that surrounded him; a new world was displayed to his view, and his taste was sufficiently corrected to enjoy it. Earnest in the pursuit of every duty that was attached to him, the satisfaction of an approving conscience restored serenity to his mind, and diffused over his fine features an expression of happiness which had long ceased to animate them. He had made no reserve of any part of his conduct towards Lady Desmond to Agnes, and many tears did the relation cost his sympathizing auditor. On one of these occasions, she asked him for the ring which her ladyship had ordered to be returned to him, and placing it on her finger, she said, as she observed the surprise expressed in his countenance, "Yes, De Courcy, I will wear it constantly, not to remind me of my husband's errors, but to teach my own heart humility, by recalling the failure of one who was in many respects so amiable, and to awaken my gratitude for having been preserved from a similar fate. It shall act as the ring of Amurath, for no woman is so virtuous as not to require admonition, nor so pure as not to dread temptation. In her very strength she is weak, and in the height of her power, too often defenceless; a sense, therefore, of her own insufficiency is her best knowledge, and retirement and caution her best shield. Many there are who are innocent, because they have been unexposed to danger; and many have fallen a prey to vice, whom a warning voice might have preserved from ruin. With these impressions, no guilty tale ever reaches my ear without paining my heart; nor can I think that the tears I now shed to the memory of one so frail will ever sully my own. As a Christian, I must abhor her offence; as a member of society, I must mark my detestation of it; but as a sister and a fellow-being, I must lament it."

Too indignant to hold any correspondence with his brother,

Lord Edward had uniformly made his communications to Agnes; this had frequently been a source of regret to her, and had been productive of much pain to her; but now the task was become a pleasing one, for she had tidings to impart, which she knew would be received with delight, and to open her heart to one who was so interested in her feelings, was of itself happiness.

The anniversary of the day on which he left her, and which was also that of the death of Lady Desmond, De Courcy resolved to spend alone. "It is a day of deep penitence, and well may I devote it to meditation and sorrow," sighed he to Agnes. "Alas! the consequences of my misconduct no remorse, however great, can remove from those I have injured; but it is at least right that I should share that solitude which I myself have caused. In the evening, I will rejoin you; but do not attempt to disturb me till then;" so saying, he pressed her hand, and left her.

Agnes watched his departure with suffused eyes; and anxiously counted the hours till his promised return. At length she heard his step, and advancing to meet him, she led him to a seat, and placing herself beside him, after a few general observations, she cautiously and gently said, "My De Courcy, I have something to present you with, which, I trust, will give you pleasure." He turned with a look of earnest enquiry to her, when she instantly placed in his hands a letter which she had received in the course of the day from the packet. He started as he recognized the hand-writing of his brother, and with considerable agitation opened it. "Agnes!" cried he, dropping the letter ere he finished reading it, and extending his arms towards her—the expression of his countenance dispelled the fears which his manner would otherwise have done. "I know not how to express my happiness," he murmured; "but learn at least its cause, and share it—Edward has forgiven all. Kindly and affectionately he desires the past may be obliterated from all our minds, and—yes, Agnes!—prepare yourself—he desires, that we leave France with as little delay as possible, and proceed at once to Westbrook, where every thing is prepared for our reception." Agnes could only bury her head in his bosom, and silently re-

turn the caresses which he lavished upon her; nor could she help thinking of the moment when last she had received a similar summons; but how different were her sensations! and, oh! how different was De Courcy!—The warm prayer of gratitude ascended from her pure lips, and again and again she blessed the hour she had followed him.

But few preparations were requisite, and the necessary arrangements having already been made in England, they bade adieu to Lefroy, who, with many blessings, saw them depart, and embarked with favorable auspices for their native land. The feelings which throbbed at the heart of Agnes were perfectly under the control of her reason, till they approached Westbrook; her impatience and agitation then admitted of no bounds. Sometimes she amused herself with picturing her children to her imagination; already she traced their likeness to their father—now she renumerated all the infantile graces that memory had faithfully treasured, but which prudence had long compelled her to repress, and now she repeated the endearing expressions of her eldest, till at last, almost exhausted, she closed her eyes, and sat in silent absorption, nor did De Courcy deem it prudent to disturb her. His own emotions were, in fact, scarcely less oppressive, and every mile seemed lengthened into an immeasurable distance. They were now ascending the steep hill which overlooked the village. Agnes started from her reverie, and looking forward, the well-known spire caught her eye; she seized the hand of De Courcy, and pressed it to her beating heart. The merry chime of the bells now smote her ear, and unable to support herself, she sunk on his breast to which he almost unconsciously, though convulsively, strained her. The postillions, enlivened by the sound, drove with increased rapidity; the avenue gate was hastily thrown open, amidst the shouts of his parishioners, who were assembled in a concourse round it. In another moment, the carriage stopped; a mingled sound of voices was heard, the door opened, and Agnes, unconscious who addressed her, or who she beheld, threw herself into the person's arms who first accosted her, and was borne insensible into the house. This, however, lasted but for a mo-

ment, and opening her eyes, she surveyed the group before her. The arms of her eldest darling were wound round her neck, while those of her youngest encircled her knees; De Courcy was locked in his brother's embrace, and her own head rested on the bosom of Lady Crawford. "Mama, dear mama!" exclaimed the children, in a breath. Agnes clasped them to her breast, and raising her eyes to Heaven, remained in mute and expressive silence. "Behold your reward, my beloved, inestimable sister!" cried Lord Edward, fondly regarding her; "here let your misery cease for ever, and many years of happiness counterbalance months of sorrow." "Ah! Agnes," said the weeping Lady Crawford, "did I not say, on your wedding-day, that marriage was like a May-morning; the clouds have now, I trust, for ever rolled away, and cheering beams and a serene sky will light the noontide and the evening of your life."

"Agnes!" cried De Courcy, as leaning affectionately upon his arm, she strolled with him to mark the various alterations and improvements that had been made during their absence, while still more fondly they regarded their lovely boys, who running before them, occasionally stopped to point out some beauty which engaged their own admiration, "oh! what do I not owe to you! Weak, dissolute, and unstable, in every pursuit, the victim of every temptation, and the slave of every passion, I was unworthy of the rich blessings that indulgent Heaven had bestowed upon me; yet despised, discarded, banished from all I valued, I shudder to reflect to what degradation I might have descended had I been utterly alone. Amidst all my wanderings, I loved you, and in loving you, I still venerated virtue. Your guardian presence alone has preserved me, and made me what I now am, still ill deserving, indeed, of the matchless being whom it is my proudest boast to call my wife, but much less so, I trust, than when I first possessed that right. Let no woman henceforth despair of the reformation of her husband, nor abandon the post which nature and religion have alike assigned to her; her cause is sacred, and her means are powerful; let them then be exerted, and may future De Courcy's bless, like me, a second Agnes."

Of the characters that have appeared in this tale, it is

material only to notice, that Sir William, after the death of Lady Desmond, continued to reside at Richly. His grief was of a nature which can admit of no alleviation, but from the hand of time, unless, indeed, it is from the tender solicitude of Lady Isabella Stewart, whose society alone is endurable to him, and as it is observable that her ladyship, in return, prefers the melancholy task of soothing him to all the temptations that pleasure spreads before her, there is little reason to doubt, that a union will shortly be projected between them, which, from the tried dispositions of both, promises to be replete with that happiness which is deservedly the lot of each.

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#### ANECDOTE OF A MISER.

A PERSON in high life, as avaricious as he was rich, was invited to a party where it was almost an indispensable duty to be full and elegantly dressed. In the mean time, as this miserly gentleman did not wish to be at any extraordinary expense, he purchased, at a very cheap rate, at a pawnbroker's, a button and loop for his opera-hat, made of paste. The night before the festival, he went to a public room that was well lighted up, in order to judge of the effect of his false jewels. There meeting with some young relations, and experienced legacy hunters, who wished to get into his good graces, and who had long desired to make him some handsome present, one of these changed his hat for a new one, ornamented with real diamonds of the finest water.

The miser's eye sparkled with joy as he beheld them; but he did not belie his usual character: as he stepped into a coach, he called his servant to him, and holding him by the button, he whispered him, "Go, and try to get my old hat back again!"

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## THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

*(Concluded from page 195.)*

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THOUGH the walls and roof of the abbey-church are still perfect, the windows are open, and afford a view of the interior. On the western side, there is one large window in particular, through which a considerable portion of one of the side walls may be perceived. It was in this direction I approached the dilapidated pile, at the time of which I am speaking. There is a ledge, or projecting space on a line with the upper tier of windows. It forms a sort of corridor on each side of the edifice; and though it is wide enough for a person to stand on, it must, from its great height, be extremely dangerous; and it is at present inaccessible, as the staircase by which it was formerly approached is quite ruinous, and the passage leading to it is blocked up with rubbish, which has fallen from a higher part of the building. I am thus particular in describing the place, as I wish to convince you, that no deception could have been practised on me, and that what I witnessed, as I believe it to be otherwise unaccountable, must have been supernatural. When I had got within a hundred yards of the abbey, casting my eyes accidentally towards the large western window, which afforded a view of the inside, I observed beneath one of the side windows, a glimmering light, for the appearance of which I could in no way account. I continued to advance, though not without increased agitation of mind. What then will you suppose were my feelings, when, on drawing nearer, I beheld the figure of a female dressed in white flowing garments, standing on the ledge I have before mentioned, which extended along the wall, below the upper windows of the abbey? It was the apparition of my deceased wife. She slowly waved her hand towards me. In this I could not be deceived: I beheld the motion as plainly as I can see the lineaments of your face at this moment. Till now, as I before said, I retained complete possession of my senses; but here my feelings overpowered me, and I sunk to the ground in a state of insensibility. The damp

chill of the dewy grass, however, probably soon revived me. On recollecting myself, I looked immediately for the object of my alarm, but it had vanished, and the wall presented a uniform appearance of shade. Returning home, I retired to bed; and during the imperfect slumbers which occurred, I seemed to behold the form of my Louisa standing where I had really seen her. I thought she descended to meet me, and I was about to clasp her in my arms, when I awoke. In the morning, I felt languid and sick. However, in a few days, being sufficiently recovered, I ventured out alone in the evening to the spot whence I had witnessed the apparition; but it was not visible. Since then, however, I have repeatedly seen it; and what affords me a convincing proof that it is produced by no natural cause, is the circumstance, that it is never apparent but at the stated period so mysteriously alluded to by my deceased wife. I cannot, indeed, say, that I have seen it every month; but each visitation has been separated from the last, by an interval of exactly a month; and I have more than once, in vain, watched for it, in the intermediate period."

Such was the story of my friend, to which I listened with some surprise. The first impression on my mind was, that imagination alone had operated in producing the alarming spectre; but a little reflection induced me to conjecture, that some natural phenomenon, for which my friend was not able to account, had assisted in promoting his delusion. After a short pause, I asked him when he expected again to see the apparition. "In three days," replied he. "Well then," returned I, "my opinion, or at least the expression of it, shall be suspended till then. After you have afforded me the means of judging for myself, as to the cause of your alarm, I shall much better know what to think of it." "You shall," said he, "accompany me; and if it should not be visible to your eyes, as it will be to mine, I must despair of convincing you that I am not the dupe of own imagination."

Here we dismissed the subject, and I own that I waited with anxious curiosity for the expected opportunity of unravelling the cause of the strange spectacle which had operated so powerfully on the susceptible mind of my friend. At the time prefixed, we went to the place whence the sup-

posed spectre had been visible. On looking through the large western window towards the wall which has been already described, it was, as my friend had remarked, entirely shaded; for the moon which shone brightly cast its beams on the outside of it, and, of course, could not, by its direct rays, illuminate that part of the wall on which we were looking. We waited about a quarter of an hour, not without impatience on my part, and I was just about to express an opinion that the spectre would not appear, when my friend exclaimed, "It is coming! There is the light which always precedes it." I looked, and at first could see nothing; but in a very short space of time a portion of the wall became faintly illuminated. I observed it attentively, and perceived the enlightened spot gradually to assume a shape, which bore a degree of resemblance to a figure in a female dress. My friend seemed to be extremely agitated. "Well," said he, "do you now believe me?" I was engaged in examining the object, and did not immediately reply; and on turning towards him a minute afterwards, for that purpose, he seemed to be so violently affected by the spectacle we had witnessed, that I thought it best to lead him from the place, and we accordingly went back to his house. He soon recovered sufficiently to converse with calmness on the cause of his alarm. I could plainly perceive that he was a good deal disappointed to find, that though I did not choose to admit the truth of his opinion of this phantasm, I could give no satisfactory explanation of my own. At length I asked him, if he had ever seen the supposed ghost for two nights together. He said, he had not; for being persuaded, after the second time of its appearance, that he knew the period at which it would return, he neglected visiting the spot at any other season. "Let us then," said I, "watch for the phantom to-morrow night; and if you have courage enough to venture with me into the abbey, we shall there be able, if it appear, more accurately to observe it; and after a little more acquaintance with it, I do not doubt being able to give you a more decisive and satisfactory opinion about it. He did not seem to relish the proposal, but I at last got him to promise that he would accompany me on the following evening. When the time came, I be-

lieve he would willingly have avoided fulfilling his engagement; but on my assuring him, that I thought I could point out to him the natural cause of the phenomenon, his curiosity got the better of his fears, and we set out.

I was unwilling to trust any one with our purpose, therefore, we went unaccompanied into the abbey, the keys of which he had procured. Walking into the midst of the edifice, we observed the moon shining through the open windows on the side where we had the night before seen the mysterious figure. The wall was now shaded. Leaving my friend to watch for the appearance of the phantom, I employed myself in taking a survey of the opposite side of the building. I had not long been thus engaged, when he cried—"Yonder it is." I turned my eyes to the place, and observed an illuminated line, which, in a few minutes grew broader, and at length made an appearance very similar to that of the foregoing night. My friend caught hold of my arm. "Do not be alarmed," said I, "we shall soon know the cause of this phantom." I turned to look at the opposite wall, and immediately saw that the supposed spectre was nothing more than the light reflected from a white marble monument, illuminated by the beams of the moon, shining through one of the windows overagainst it. All the phenomena were now easily to be accounted for. The *spectrum* could only appear for a few nights when the moon was near the full, because at that time only did its rays reach the monument. The marble was of a square figure, surmounted by an oval tablet. The enlightened image falling on the wall in a slanting direction, was narrower than the monument itself, and presented to the view a figure, which, in its outline, much resembled a female in a leaning posture. Indeed, on examining it attentively while it lasted, I did not at all wonder, that amidst the combination of circumstances which had accompanied it in my friend's imagination, it had acted so strongly on his feelings, and been considered as something supernatural. The apparent motion of the figure, which was noticed, might be caused by a light cloud passing swiftly over the face of the moon, if it did not indeed depend entirely on the fancy of the observer.

It is hardly necessary to remark that I had the satisfac-

tion of seeing my friend cured of the prejudices he had conceived, and restored to a state of tranquillity of mind, which formed a pleasing contrast to the restless, yet gloomy anxiety, which was so visible in his manner and behaviour when we met.

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### SOLECISMS.

THIS word is derived from the Soli, a people of Attica, who removing to Cilicia, lost the purity of their ancient tongue, and became ridiculous to the Athenians for their inaccurate expressions.

Ablanc relates, that when an actor in the Roman theatre made a wrong gesture, the audience with one voice, imprecated out, that he had made a *solecism* with his hand!

Under the ancient regime of France, one of the southern provinces was perpetually bantered in the Parisian theatres for solecisms in language; and in England, the native of the sister kingdom has been, on account of his *irishisms*, or *bulls*, the sport and entertainment of the million.

Whether this defect be attributable to climate, habit, or impetuosity, might afford matter for speculation; but it is as certain that some places are as particularly famous for it, as that others fortunately are exempt from it.

Folkstone, in Kent, has been laughed at both by the Kentish people, and the people of Kent (for the river Medway makes an eminent distinction) upon this lapse of recollection. The following are a few among their numerous blunders:—

A man wished to kill an eel, and therefore determined to *drown* it.

Another wanted to break the neck of a crow, and with great violence *flung it from one of the cliffs*.

An alderman of the town saw a pea-hen in his neighbour's garden, and alarmed the people with a report, that a serpent with a fiery tail, like a comet, was among the shrubs and flowers. "Phoo, phoo," said his neighbour coolly, "do not be terrified, good folks, it is nothing but a *hen peacock*, I assure you."

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## VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

## No. XIII.

AMONG the numerous characters which have fallen within the scope of my observation, I have generally remarked that those who are in reality the most praiseworthy for the general tenor of their conduct, unfortunately possess certain peculiarities of temper or manners, which, in a great measure, prejudice superficial observers against them, and not unfrequently acquire them an ill name merely because the censorious are ever the most upon the alert to catch at every failing, and are never willing to make allowances for the weakness to which human nature is prone, and from which few, even the most amiable, are exempt. I know a most excellent woman who has been so unfortunate as to obtain the nick-name of "Mrs. Brag," merely because her good-nature leads her into exaggerated details of every thing she undertakes to relate; and while she is endeavoring to exalt the merits of all her acquaintance, by making them out the cleverest, richest, and best-connected people in the county, each in turn sneers at her, and imagines she is only seeking to enhance her own consequence in being connected with them. It is true, the old lady sometimes oversteps the bounds of probability, and having a treacherous memory, gives the malicious the triumph of detecting her in what I will give the softer term of hyperbole, but which they opprobriously term, *fibbing*. As an instance of this, I need only repeat the following anecdote:—

Being one day on a visit at her house, the conversation turned on Tunbridge Wells as a watering-place of fashionable resort. "I have not been there these five years," said Mrs. Brag; "the last time I travelled that road, I can recollect I had a most agreeable journey. A particular friend of mine, a Mr. Jervis, took me down in his carriage, that is to say, in the dickey, for the weather was so remarkably fine, that I wished to have a good view of the country, and I was quite astonished at the alterations I found. Mr.

Jervis was a most entertaining, well-informed man, and having a general acquaintance in that part of the country, pointed out every newly-erected villa, and entertained me with various amusing anecdotes of the proprietors. Indeed, I never spent a more agreeable day, with the exception of a little fright which I met with. In going down a hill, one of the leaders grew rather restive, (we had four horses) and but for the skilful management of my friend, we should, I dare say, have met with a serious accident; however, we arrived at his house to talk over our adventures in safety; and he had a good laugh at my cowardice, I assure you."

Thus ended this long story, to which, for my own part, I should scarcely have given a second thought, had not one of the party, a Mr. Damper, with a sly look at the rest of the company, enquired if the gentleman she spoke of did not occupy the neat box, near —, called Ashmount Cottage. "The same, sir," was Mrs. Brag's reply. "I know him well," returned Damper, smiling; "he was the best whip on the road where I lived; and being in the practice of driving the stage-coach from Tunbridge to London for many years, must, no doubt, be well acquainted with all the chit-chat of the town through which he passed. Let me see—aye, it is just five years ago, that he drove the Duke of York Highflyer. Perhaps, you recollect it, ma'am?" Mrs. Brag colored with vexation, and merely replied, "No, sir, I cannot say that I do; the gentleman I spoke of may be one of the family, but I rather think he is not the person you speak of." "Perhaps not," observed Damper, with another wink, which served to convince the company that he had not spoken without design.

Upon another occasion, when Mrs. Brag had been describing a christening, at which she was present, she spoke largely concerning the rich service of plate upon which the dinner was served. "I never in my life sat down to such an elegant dinner," said she; "to be sure they are people of great property; but it is not every one who has the spirit to make such an appearance; we had the best of every thing, and my eyes were quite dazzled by the profusion of plate upon which every thing was served up." "You forget, ma'am," said Damper, who had attentively listened to her pompous account of this dinner, "that the lady's brother

was a pawnbroker, who lived very near them, and probably assisted them upon such an important occasion as the christening of a son and heir." "Really, sir, I know nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Brag, angrily; "I do not think the friends I speak of had any occasion to borrow." "Perhaps not, ma'am, perhaps not," hastily rejoined the sly tormentor, "I only mentioned it as a probability."

Thus does this good lady, by her unfortunate propensity to boasting of her grand acquaintance, subject herself to the imputation of wilful misrepresentation, and incur the odious charge of seeking to aggrandize herself by the pompous exaggeration of every circumstance respecting those persons with whom she is in any way connected; while many, knowing her failing, court her acquaintance merely in the hope of being themselves puffed off in turn. C. CANDID.

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#### ANCIENT NOBILITY.

It is a fact but little regarded, that the first noble family in England was that of Lord Courtenay, who descended from those Earls of Devonshire that often intermarried with the blood-royal of France and England, as may be found at the commencement of Sully's memoirs.

The Duke of Beaufort is descended from Geoffry Plantaganet, Earl of Anjou, son of Foulk, King of Jerusalem, and grandson to the Empress Maud, daughter to Henry I. consequently this family has flourished as Dukes, Marquisses, and Earls, without once descending to a lower degree, for full seven hundred years.

The Duke of Montague traces his descent by the female line from Charlemagne.

The nobility that makes the most splendid figure from greatness of estate, are the Spencers, Cavendishes, and Russels, yet, compared with the families above-mentioned, they may be styled but young nobility.

Great and gallant actions are, however, the true source of nobility, and when ancientry of descent is added, they raise a family beyond comparison. The Earl of Shrewsbury's family is derived from the famous Talbot, who was the terror of France. Hence they have been peers for five hundred years.

## THERESA.

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A FRAGMENT.—FROM REAL LIFE.

It was a mild and beautiful evening, after a day of uncommon and oppressive heat; all nature seemed to participate in the harmony which reigned around; not a leaf moved on its spray, whilst the clear azure of the sky, undisturbed by a single cloud, the luxuriant foliage of the sweet and varied notes of the little songsters who carolled in the breeze, diffused over the mind a heavenly calm, a joyful serenity, mingled with grateful adoration to Him the Author and Creator of all these beauties. By degrees the stillness of the scene was interrupted by the distant lowing of the herds, the merry songs of the milkmaids, and even the loud shouts and noisy mirth of different parties of hay-makers, returning from their day's labor, whilst crowds of children swarming from the neighboring cottages ran with eager joy to meet their expected friends, and claim the fond caress. My mind being thus softened and harmonized by the sublimity of the scene, I returned from my walk, deeply impressed with the idea that man might, even in this world, if he chose, where so many blessings are profusely shed around, enjoy a life of comparative ease and happiness, if the evil passions which cling so closely to his nature did not perpetually disturb his peace, and remind him of his own utter incapability to think or do one good thing of himself. I was already on the outskirts of a populous city, and had passed several abodes, lowly indeed, but apparently rich in the possession of health and cheerfulness, when my eye was arrested by a small building joined to one of the cottages, which appeared to have been built as an out-house for cattle, or domestic utensils; as such I should have considered it, had not the half-opened door presented a spectacle of heart-rending misery. The interior of the building was so small as to scarcely allow room for a cradle, two chairs, and a table, at which, partaking of a scanty meal, sat a female, and a pale sickly child, whose delicate

form seemed already blasted by the chill hand of poverty, whilst its wretched parent, on whom eighteen summers had scarcely shone, presented a picture of such deep distress as I had seldom witnessed. Her garments were of materials much finer and better made than the generality of the poor, but torn and dirty; her black and matted hair, over which she wore no cap, was twisted behind her ears, and displayed a face, youthful indeed, but haggard beyond description, whilst her compressed brow and the dark cast of her countenance which anxiety had tinged with a tawny yellow, indicated bitter discontent and restless sorrow. As my figure darkened her dwelling, she raised her eyes, and fixed them upon me with a keen and perplexed gaze; then starting, while the deepest crimson suffused her sallow cheeks, she uttered a faint cry, caught her infant in her arms, and tried to hide her face in its bosom. Impelled by a feeling of irresistable curiosity, I entered the wretched abode; but, oh! how was my heart torn with anguish, when, on a nearer view, I recognized in the squalid form before me, the features of the once-beautiful and animated Theresa M——, whom three years before, I had left happy and beloved in the bosom of her numerous and respectable family. I had known her from a child, for her father was the revered instructor of my youth, and his blooming Theresa, whom, in boyish fondness, I designated my little wife, never failed to beguile my hours of relaxation with her endearing prattle. As years rolled over our heads, they but added strength to my affection for the lovely girl, whose playful caresses were insensibly exchanged for timid glances and blushing attentions, and when with a heavy heart, I took leave of her previous to my departure for the Indies, her half suppressed sighs, her downcast and tearful eyes, her broken farewell—these, combined with her well-known excellence, and all the graces of fifteen, made me inwardly vow to live for her, and her alone. All these remembrances flashed upon my agitated fancy, as I stood before this hapless being. Heavens! how altered! how emaciated! vainly did I endeavor to trace in her care-worn visage, one remain of beauty, one glance of that bright intelligence which had captivated my very soul, and endued me with resolution cheerfully to brave all the hardships of foreign servitude, in the fond, but fatally de-

lusive hope, that her smiles, her love would at length be the reward of my toils, my heaven of bliss!

"Theresa," I exclaimed, in a voice almost suffocated with emotion, "Theresa, why are you here?" She raised her dark eyes to mine, with a look of such inexpressible agony, that, forgetful of every thing but her, I caught her hand, and pressed it to my bosom. At that moment, her infant in a feeble tone, cried, "Mother!" I shuddered, and threw from me the hand I had pressed. She understood me, and in hurried accents, cried, "Oh! Henry! I am, indeed, a wretch! lost and degraded, I have now no claims on your compassion. I once dared to aspire to your love, but that is all past. Oh! would it were forgotten for ever;—but leave me, leave me, ere your presence urges me to desperation! Nay, touch me not—I shall pollute you—for I am betrayed, deserted by the villain who ruined me, and abandoned by my friends—this child too is mine! Wretched little being! heir to its mother's sin and shame!" I could hear no more; but rushing into the street, I hurried to my lodgings; haunted, however, by the image of my lost Theresa, with distracted haste I paced my apartment till the grey eye of morning peeped in at the window—still I had formed no plan to rescue this devoted girl from want and vice. "I will see her again!" I at length exclaimed, and in a few minutes I found myself at the door of her miserable hut; it was closed, and no vestige of its inhabitants remained. I passed it several times in the day; but it was still the same. In the evening I ventured to enquire of an old woman who lived near, what had become of the young woman and her child. All she knew was, that they had left their dwelling late the preceding night, and had not yet returned. Another woman, more communicative, told me all she knew of the unfortunate girl, and concluded by saying, she understood, that she had left her child at the door of her seducer, who had lately married. His name struck a deadly chill to my heart. He had been my schoolfellow and most beloved companion; he had shared with me in the infantile caresses of Theresa, and together we had admired her opening graces, her artless unsuspecting simplicity; yet had he cropt this lovely flower in its early bud, and thrown from him the rifled sweets, which might have

shed the cup of felicity on his future days; he had wantonly destroyed the peace of her he pretended to love, and brought to an untimely grave the venerable master, who had vainly endeavored to inculcate the seeds of virtue in this his favorite pupil.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some days after, passing by a small public-house, where a crowd of poor people were assembled, some indirect words I heard caused me to enter. At my advance, they shrunk back to allow me to approach a small low matrass, on which was extended the body of a female, shabbily attired, and drenched with water. Her features were much swoln, yet sufficiently distinct to convince me at the first glance, that it was she whom I had sought.—She had been seen floating in the river by some sailors, who had succeeded in bringing her to land; but the vital spark had long been quenched. What has since occurred appears only as a dream.—Life must henceforth be a blank!—

L—.

#### A PLAIN, SIMPLE COUNTRY GIRL.

EDUCATED quite genteel, at a boarding-school, near White-chapel, where her father and mother sent her to have a *purlite* edication, that she may be the better qualified to superintend her family at the farm. She takes her fashions from the different ladies' magazines, and makes a queer hotch-potch of them all. When she leaves school, if ever she condescend to go to market, it must be in a one-horse *chay*, that she may borrow a new romance from the circulating library. She knows how to dishevel her hair in the cork-screw-ringlet style, and laughs at the appearance of her father and mother, who admire her spirit, and call her a *funny* girl, and the best *naturedst* creature in the world; and if the militia are quartered in the neighborhood, all the officers think so too.

POETRY,  
*HOW AFFECTED BY GENIUS AND ART.*

♦♦♦♦

"No person can imagine that to be a frivolous and contemptible art, which has been employed by writers under divine inspiration, and has been chosen as a proper channel for conveying to the world the knowledge of Divine Truth."

DR. BLAIR.

THERE is not, perhaps, any subject less understood in this learned age, or more vaguely defined, than Poetry in its general acceptation as regards the operations of genius and art. Genius has its peculiar distinguishing attributes in every science and station, and in none more evident than the present. A wild and irregular metre denotes it rude and unassisted by art, uncontrolled by Fashion, or the harsh rules of murdering critics, who sacrifice every generous feeling to the one grand maxim of interest. Here we trace the works of genius in sweet and undisturbed meanderings, or follow in imagination sublime flights, which, as a refulgent meteor tracks its bright path through the wide space of æther, astonishing and pleasing, at the same time carrying conviction by force of superiority alone, unaided by the suavity and temper which art inculcates. Doubtless art may do much in every science, in fact, may effect almost every thing; yet the performance would require spirit and life, and, without genius, become uninteresting, if not irksome.

The disciple of art, unaided by the soul of genius, is doomed to wander, as it were, in a wilderness of thought, in a labyrinth of intellect, deprived of a guardian star, to point out a way through its varied intricacies and mazes.

Thus it appears conclusive, that a "man must be born a poet;" and this leads me to consider the state of poetry from the earliest period down to the present time progressively, and I shall endeavor next to illustrate the origin and rise of this divine and inherent faculty by analysing

THE POETRY OF THE HEBREWS,

(OR SACRED POETRY, AS IT IS USUALLY CALLED.)

A consideration of Hebrew poetry must necessarily become an object of the greatest entertainment to a contem-

plative mind, if it be only on account of the works we examine during our research.

Regarding the inspired volume in no higher light than as replete with matter exhibiting at once a style and taste totally at variance with our ideas of poetry, abounding with imagery and metaphor the most sublime and striking, we cannot fail of receiving sensations truly pleasing in the critical examination of these splendid remnants of sacred antiquity, considering their origin as divine and their operations as truly worthy of the Deity.

Various are the treatises composed on this subject, but, perhaps, none equal the labors of Dr. Lowth, in a work which he published, entitled, "*De Sacra Poësi Hebræorum*," to which we are indebted for any idea (however confused) we may have received on this interesting subject.

It is evident to an observant reader that in the Old Testament a diversity of style prevails that plainly indicates which may be considered prose or which poetical composition. It has been thus generally divided—"The Historical Books, and Legislative writings of Moses, are considered prosaic; The Book of Job, The Psalms of David, The Song of Solomon, The Lamentations of Jeremiah, a great part of the Prophectical Writings, and several scattered passages through the whole Historical Books, carry the most distinguishing marks of poetical writing."

It has ever been allowed, that from the earliest period, music and poetry were cultivated among the Hebrews; indeed, this is evident, throughout the whole of the sacred volume. In the days of the Judges, one part of the education of the prophets was music, that it might enable them to sing the praises of God, accompanied with various instruments. In Samuel, (*Chap. x. v. 7.*) we observe, that the Prophets were decending a hill, "prophesying with the psaltery, tabret, and harp, before them." But it was in the days of King David, that music and poetry arrived at their greatest celebrity; and the appointment of various officers, instituted by him solely for this purpose, may be seen by consulting Chron. B. 1, c. xxv. which describes them as more costly and splendidly adorned than ever yet practised by any other nation.

The construction of Hebrew poetry involves in itself a cu-

rious peculiarity, and we cannot, perhaps, elucidate this branch better than by adopting the language of Dr. Blair, who states, that "It consists in dividing every period into correspondent, for the most part into equal members, which answer to one another, both in sense and sound. In the first member of the period a sentiment is expressed; and in a second member, the same sentiment is amplified, or is repeated in different terms, or sometimes contrasted with its opposite; but in such a manner that the same structure, and nearly the same number of words, are preserved. This is the general strain of all Hebrew poetry. Instances of it occur every where on opening the Old Testament. Thus in Psalm xevi. "Sing unto the Lord a new song. Sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, and bless his name. Shew forth his salvation from day to day." &c. And, perhaps, to this style of composition it may be attributed that our version, although prose, possesses very strong poetical features.

The origin of this form of composition has been pretty clearly deduced from the method of singing the sacred hymns which were accompanied with music, and were performed by bands of singers and musicians, who answered each other alternatively. For instance, one party began the hymn thus—"The Lord reigneth. Let the earth rejoice." The chorus responded, "Let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof." (See also Ezra, c. iii. v. 11. and Psalm xxiv.) This will, in a great measure, account for a singularity of style, which, as I have before stated, pervades, more or less, the whole of the sacred writings, nor is it otherwise than natural that such a style should spread in the course of time, and become generally adopted by the Hebrew writers.

It has been remarked, that *natural conciseness* is a distinguishing mark of the *sublime*, and in no composition whatever is this observation more fully elucidated than in the Sacred books. Open them where you will, every passage presents a bold and original proof of this assertion. We find frequent recurrence to the common affairs of life, the changes of the seasons, the mountains, and the woods with which these mountains are clothed, and a variety of other apparently insignificant circumstances. With a simple and unadorned diction, unassisted by the discussions, and unaided by the art

of modern scholiasts, the Hebrew bard tuned his lyre in a far more sublime strain than the most celebrated poets from that era.

When we compare the separate merits of the sacred writers, we are lost in a labyrinth. An awful cloud of imagery, bold and impressive,—language, simple and powerful,—truths, naked and convincing, armed with facts, which cannot fail of carrying conviction sooner or later, distinguish each, and leave the enraptured mind still doubtful in its selection.

Having thus considered, (although too feebly) our subject, we shall next proceed to the poetry of the Greeks and Romans.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THERESA,

THE FAVORITE MISTRESS, AND AFTERWARDS THE WIFE, OF  
ROUSSEAU.

THE confidence that Rousseau had in Theresa was unbounded, as was the empire she had obtained over him; but this confidence had for its foundation what was sufficient to destroy it, namely—her excessive simplicity. The talents of Theresa were, perhaps, more bounded than those of women in general; since, though she lived in the most intimate manner with such a man as Rousseau for three-and-thirty years, she made no improvement. He fancied she was incapable of deceiving him, and he deceived himself. Long habit imposes that heavy yoke upon us, which becomes stronger in proportion as it is gradual in its establishment, because it comes on us imperceptibly; and Jean Jacques bent his neck to this yoke without the least kind of suspicion. We are well persuaded that to it Rousseau owed the greatest portion of his misfortunes, and all the bitterness of the last years of his life, together with the vexations of his temper, his suspicions, which she awakened and continually kept feeding. We feel persuaded that she contributed to hasten his end, which we believe he voluntarily brought about, when he discovered the inclination Theresa had for one of

the men about the stable ; and at length when he found that the only support he looked to, failed, he precipitated his own death.

The following letter is striking, and though the threatened separation did not take place, yet it shews how much Rousseau suffered when he made this first complaint against Theresa ; and we believe the first time he ever addressed a reproach towards her. The letter is dated August 12th, 1769.

“ For six-and-twenty years, I have endeavored to render you happy ; I perceive with pain that my cares are not crowned with success, and that it is not so gratifying to you to receive them as for me to bestow them. Not only have you ceased to be pleased with my society, but it even costs you much to stay a few minutes with me, from mere complaisance. All those who are about you are in your secrets except myself, and your only real friend is excluded from your confidence. I shall not now speak of many other things.—Nothing can give pleasure, nothing is agreeable from one whom we no longer love. That is the reason, whichever way I behave, whatever pains I take, whatever efforts I make to please you, it is all in vain. I never should have thought of quitting you, if you had not first made the proposal ; and you have often repeated the request. You wish to leave me, and to absent yourself in that way that I should not discover where you were gone. I am about to go away for about a fortnight. If by any accident my mortal career may in that time be terminated, remember in such a case, the man whose widow you will be, and *honor his memory by honoring yourself.*”

S\*\*\*\*.

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#### PADDY'S REPLY.

At the Curragh of Kildare, on the day of the King's visit to that celebrated race-course, at least one hundred thousand persons were assembled, although the rain fell in torrents. His Majesty's gracious condescension enraptured the multitude, one of whom turned to a companion, and said, “ There's a King for you, Paddy ! ” “ A King,” exclaimed Pat, with contempt ; “ arrah, honey ! he's nothing but a *gentleman.* ”

ESSAY ON MERCY.

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THE advantages resulting from the diffusion of the doctrines of Christianity have, to talk in the language of the divine, been of much greater magnitude than the tongue of the orator can tell, or the pen of the author can describe.

Previous to the commencement of that exalted operation, the active and discriminating faculties of different individuals among the human race, had achieved, in the moral world, labors, which gained them from their contemporaries estimation of a high nature, and which have hallowed their memories in every succeeding generation. Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, Cato, and Cicero, had all appeared as splendid candidates for fame in the region of philosophy; and Draco and Solon, Lycurgus, Romulus, Numa, and several others, had reduced into form and practice many of those principles, the observance of which is, even in our times, discovered to be of essential benefit both to the governor and the governed. Justice was well defined and well known; but mankind had become too much enamoured of her charms. She seems to have cast over their intellectual faculties a kind of magical chain, which inclined them to consider her as the most beautiful of all goddesses, and to become ardent and hourly votaries, within the precincts of her temple. Their admiration of her excellence hurried them headlong into blamable excesses, for they in no instance hesitated to immolate for her appeasement the unhappy being who in the most trivial of circumstances, had been an insulter of her dignity. The laws of Draco, written with blood, were bloodily executed; and, in modern times, many a courageous frame has shuddered with astonishment at the conduct of that Roman, who, for a small breach in military orders—a breach, the making of which has reflected ten times more glory on the memory of the breaker than it was possible an implicit obedience to those orders could have reflected—sternly decreed, that his own heroic and beloved son and ectype, should suffer in presence of that army, in front of which he had been achieving a deed of valor worthy of the highest conqueror,

a death severe and ignominious enough to have been inflicted on the basest criminal.

Such appears to me to have been the true features of the public affairs of those times, and whoever possesses the capacity for judiciously examining the information which the authentic history and biography of the same period affords, will readily discover that the domestic concerns of families exhibited an aspect no less stern. Parents shut their ears against the supplications of their offending children, and nothing, we are informed, excepting death, could expiate the offence of the rash Remus for leaping over the new-built walls of the infant city of his brother Romulus.

The predominating spirit of the times then, both in public and in private, was cruelty, originating in what may, perhaps, be termed an over-refinement of justice; and such, I am of opinion, is too apt to be the spirit of all barbarous nations, and in an especial manner of those possessed with the same degree of knowledge as the two to which I have now more particularly alluded.

There was a virtue to which the world was as yet a stranger, a virtue still more sublime than that of which I have already spoken—a virtue which mankind, had they been left to grope onwards in their path by the lumination of reason alone, would, perhaps, never have been able to have reached—one for which we have, in a particular manner, been indebted to the promulgation of the doctrines of Christianity—that virtue is the virtue of mercy.

That this virtue has as much interwoven itself with the minds and practice of the human race, as, taking into consideration its own intrinsic excellence, together with the lapse of time since it was first made known, might reasonably have been expected, is an assertion which I have no intention of making, and which, if I did make it, would not generally be believed. That man who maintains that any doctrine which professes for its object the domination of the natural sternness of mankind, will, if it possess indubitable worth, meet, at its first promulgation, and in the course of its after promulgation, with no hostility, maintains an opinion, which the experience of many centuries has proved to be a falsehood, and which even our most sanguine hopes make no effort to instruct us will ever be proved to be a

truth in this present system of humanity. Moral improvement is never otherwise than progressive, and that progress is too seldom otherwise than dilatory; but still, where the principle of virtue is known, the practice, notwithstanding all opposition, will always in part follow, and although, since the first promulgation of mercy as a Christian virtue, the Inquisitions of the Roman Catholic Church, the African Slave-trade, and many other pestilential iniquities, have both had their origin and flourished, yet no one will, I am convinced, be so hardy as to deny that, aided by the gradual influence of printing, and the Reformation, it has at length had such effect upon the minds, customs, and manners of the human race, as to have been the cause of affording to many different nations in different quarters of the globe, a hue of a much more beautiful appearance than was ever worn by the illustrious cities either of Greece or Rome, when blooming in the zenith of their mightiest glory. The unfortunate monarch of a conquered nation is now no longer forced to drag, like a quadruped, the chariot of his exulting conqueror, and the vanquished and captive common soldier is no longer doomed to remain in the country of the vanquisher a bondman, till the termination of his existence. The self-interested fabric of the Roman Catholic Inquisition is tottering to decay, and the genius of Liberty has begun to erect an ever-enduring habitation among the green palm-trees of Angola.

This virtue is finely impressed upon all men by the following story:—

“Abram was one evening sitting at the door of his tent for the purpose of enjoying the coolness of the breeze, when he was approached by a man whose locks the summers of a century had bleached as white as wool, who, from the feebleness of age, and the fatigues of a long journey, was languid almost to fainting, and who, leaning piteously over his staff, requested that he might be blessed with the favor of food and lodging till the light of a new day. These were on the part of Abram readily promised. Rising from his seat, he conducted the stranger into the interior of the dwelling, and setting before him food of the best quality that his larder afforded, desired him to draw near, and partake of the provision. With this desire the old man signified his intention to comply, and seating himself by the victuals, pro-

ceeded to the task of satisfying the cravings of nature. Contrary, however, to the custom of Abram, and to the ideas which that patriarch entertained of the duty of all men, the last act was commenced by the white-haired pilgrim, without thanks being previously given by him to the Creator for the gifts with which, in his goodness, he had been pleased to furnish the table. At this Abram was enraged, and seizing him by the shoulder, turned him instantly out of doors, and desired him without delay to withdraw from his presence. Abram returned to his tent, and regaling himself with the food intended for the old man, prepared to address himself to repose. But," continues the story, "the pilgrim had not been long gone, when the voice of the Almighty, thundering in the ears of the rigid patriarch, and in a stern tone, desired him to go immediately in search of the old man, bring him back to the tent, and give him sufficiency of food, and a convenient lodging till the morning. 'I,' continued the Almighty, in a tone still more loud and stern, 'have endured the sins of that old man for a hundred years; are you then so holy that you cannot endure them for one night.' "

As the creditor who forgives his debtor the sum due to him is a much more estimable character than he who exacts it, so the man who exercises the virtue of mercy, is a character much more worthy our affection and admiration than he who exercises nothing but justice. Justice may, in many cases, be termed a destroyer of mankind, for many have suffered death from its edicts; but mercy may be denominated a preserver, for men have, in numerous instances, been preserved from death by its interference. Inasmuch, therefore, as the character of a preserver is superior to that of a destroyer, so much is the exerciser of the virtue of mercy superior to the exerciser of the virtue of justice.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

**MARIAN MELFORT;**

A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.

*(Continued from page 204.)*

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## THE FIRST DIFFICULTY.

A TOTAL stranger to every species of economy, and anxious to please Beverly by dressing in the most attractive style, and providing his table with such delicacies as I had seen at my father's, the first supply of cash, which had been as liberally given as his circumstances would admit, on our wedding-day, was soon expended, and my application to him for more occasioned a stare of astonishment, not unmixed with chagrin. "Why, Marian, my love!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you have spent twenty pounds in housekeeping already?" "I do not know that it went entirely that way," I replied, smiling, "for I have kept no account, and have purchased several little ornamental articles which I heard you admire; but I know it is all gone." "I am devilish sorry for it," he returned, "for I thought it would have lasted a month at least; and upon my soul, I have no more just now. Why, do you know, my dear girl, my salary is but ten pounds a-week here, and if we go on at this rate, we shall be ruined; in the country, I do not get above half that sum, so you must manage a little better." "You astonish me," said I, with a lengthened countenance, "I am sure I had no idea of being extravagant, and only bought what I did with an idea to please you. However, I will be more careful in future; but you know I cannot get nice things without money." "Then we must put up with more ordinary fare, Marian," he replied smiling. "In fact, I never considered that what would amply suffice for one would prove but a sorry maintenance for two, and especially when, like romantic lovers, we made no provision for the future." This remark was uttered carelessly, but it struck me that he now, for the first time, began to consider my want of fortune a serious evil; and the tears sprang to my eyes. He per-

ceived I was hurt; and, taking my hand, kindly said, "If you love me well enough, Marian, to bear certain privations, we shall be happy in spite of all; but I must forewarn you, that you will have to face many a rough gale, and it will be highly necessary for you to keep a regular account of your expenditure, without which we shall be too apt to run into expences, which will occasion us great inconvenience; and in regard to your consulting my taste, though I feel all the tenderness of your motive, I must confess, that I am apt to speak without thought, and express my admiration of many articles, which, in our present circumstances, you could not be justified in purchasing, much as I might wish to see your person adorned to the greatest advantage."

This lecture completely awakened me from my first fond dream of felicity without alloy, and I felt it the more from having never been accustomed to the least restraint in the expenditure of the ample allowance afforded me by a too indulgent parent, and a little fit of sullenness, on my part, ensued. Beverly, however, soon convinced me that his remonstrance was dictated by necessity, and coaxed me into good humor again, when I promised to be a careful housewife in future; and certainly I kept my word a whole week, that is, till the receipt of his next salary. In fact, Beverly, though he could talk gravely when his pockets were empty, was too much accustomed to a life of pleasure to reflect deeply, and we were too enthusiastically attached to each other to follow the dictates of cold caution, except when actual necessity pressed upon us, and even then our youthful and buoyant spirits made us laugh at the awkward predicaments in which our thoughtlessness sometimes placed us. At length, however, the alarming state of our finances rendered it necessary that we should relinquish several indulgencies which we had hitherto allowed ourselves; and Beverly, with reluctance, proposed to me the only alternative that remained, which was my embracing a theatrical life, and endeavoring to obtain an engagement with him in some of the provincial companies. Though naturally fond of display, and not a little vain of my person, I was timid in the extreme, and at first expressed extreme repugnance to the measure; but he soon overcame my scruples, and by some encou-

raging flattery, succeeded in persuading me that I might undertake second-rate characters with a tolerable chance of success.

The winter season was now drawing to a close, and Beverly had received a favorable answer to his application from Mr. P——, the manager of the theatre of Exeter, whither we repaired, as soon as that of Drury-lane closed, and as his share of a benefit, allowed to several comedians jointly, amounted to pretty near thirty pounds, we set off in tolerable spirits; and finding every article of provision, as well as lodging, remarkably cheap, we found ourselves more comfortable than we had anticipated. Beverly had taken great pains to instruct me in the parts he proposed me to undertake; and my rehearsal was so satisfactory to the manager that he offered me an immediate engagement upon liberal terms. This arrangement relieved my mind from a weight of care, for I had the prospect of becoming a mother in the course of four or five months; and this expectation tended more than any thing to make me reflective and careful. But in proportion as I became economical, Beverly, elated with present success, and thinking that the road to fame and fortune was now open before him, launched into expences which gave me the most serious alarm. I had been warmly applauded on the first night of my appearance, and the newspapers were filled with the praises of the *fascinating* Mrs. Beverly. My husband could not conceal his rapture, and tried to inspire me with confidence, when I expressed my fears that the novelty of my claims, more than any real merit that I possessed, had drawn on me eulogiums which his partiality led him to consider as a just tribute. A second and third appearance seemed to justify his prediction, that I should become a favorite with the public; and at length self-complacency induced me to fall into his way of thinking.

(To be continued.)

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REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

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WE present our readers with an extract from "An Account of the Interior of Ceylon and its Inhabitants," from the pen of John Davy, M.D. F.R.S. as the most interesting and valuable work that the last month has afforded in its addition to literature.

Although the succession to the throne of Kandy was hereditary, yet it retained much of the form of an elective monarchy, and the consent of the people was required before a successor could be declared, when it was publicly announced that the king was dead, which was not until his successor had been chosen—

"A tent was pitched before the hall of audience, in which, on a piece of iron and a bason of mixed metal, a man stood by the side of a heap of paddy, and beat the mourning tom-tom, the public signal of the event, warning the chiefs to dress themselves in black, and authorising the people to give vent to their grief, and cry and lament aloud.

"Till the body of the deceased monarch was consumed, it was contrary to custom for the prince to take any refreshment. The corpse, enclosed in a coffin, was carried in a palanquin to the Awadana-madoowe, or royal burial-ground, attended by the chiefs, their wives and daughters. As the funeral procession moved on, two women, standing on a platform carried by four men, threw rice over the coffin. The priests of the different temples of Boodhoo were assembled in the burying-ground, and having offered up the proper prayer for the happiness of the deceased monarch in his metempsychosis, were presented with cloths that were laid on the coffin to be given them for discharging their pious office. The coffin was now placed in a kind of wooden cage, and was surrounded with wood; a person broke its lid with an axe, and a relation of the deceased set fire to the pile, which was fed with oil and pitch, mixed with sandal wood and various perfumes. When the whole was enveloped in flame, the chiefs retired, went to the great square, and, informing the Prince that the body was burnt, were ordered by him to go home, and purify themselves.

"The mourning tom-tom was sounded, and the funeral fire kept a-light till the eleventh day; when the chiefs proceed to the burial-ground, and make offerings of Beetel Areka nut, and such articles of diet as might be presented to a king with propriety. The fire was now extinguished, by pouring milk and cocoa-nut water on it. Some of the calcined bones are put into a pot, or urn, of earthenware, and is covered over and sealed, while the rest of the bones and ashes are collected and deposited in a grave, with the presents brought for the deceased king.

"The urn was placed on the head of a man masked and covered all over with black, who, holding a sword in his hand, and mounted on an elephant, or horse, and attended by the chiefs, proceeded to the Mahawellé Ganga. At the ferry called Kakagostotte, two small canoes, made of the Kakoonga, were prepared, lashed together, and covered with boughs in the form of a bower; the masked bearer entering the canoe, was drawn toward the mid channel of the river by two men swimming, who, when they approached the deepest part of the stream, pushed the canoe forward, and hastily retreated. Now the mask having reached the proper station, with the sword in one hand, and the urn in the other, divides the urn with the sword, and in the act plunges into the stream, and diving, came up as far as possible below, and landing on the opposite side, disappeared. The canoes were allowed to float down the river; the elephant, or horse, was carried across, and left to graze at large, never to be used any more; and the women who threw the rice over the coffin, with the men who carried them, were also transported to the other side of the river, under a strict prohibition of recrossing. The chiefs return to the great square, inform the successor that the ceremony was ended, and are again ordered to purify themselves.

"Another ceremony yet remains to be performed before the prince could be considered completely king, it was that of choosing a name, and putting on the regal sword. It was the duty of the royal astrologers, to ascertain a fortunate period for the ceremony, and invent fortunate names; each individual being required to write a name on a plate of gold, set with precious stones, and deposit it in the Nata-dewalé.

"Coronation, it may be remarked, was not one of the ceremonies of the Kandian monarchy."

The marriage ceremony of the king is long, complicated, and expensive, and, in some instances, very ridiculous.

"The day after the celebration of the nuptials, the royal pair amuse themselves by throwing small perfumed balls at one another, and squirting sweet water in their faces, a diversion in which the wives of the chiefs are admitted to partake, being permitted to pelt even royalty itself, as much as they please. When the monarch is tired of the diversion, he goes into an adjoining apartment, overlooking a lower chamber in which vessels of scented water and small copper cups were prepared for use, and in which the chiefs were assembled, who only wait for the king's presence to deluge each other with sweets.

"A banquet followed in the evening, in which were nearly three hundred different curries, the drink being milk, and also a beverage something resembling lemonade."

We will pass over the further account of these national festivals and quote the ceremonial of receiving ambassadors, by the old court of Kandy.

"The king holds his court in the Hall of Audience, and transacts all business with his officers seated on the throne; behind the throne there is a secret door, by which his Majesty passed unobserved, and before it were curtains which were not drawn up till the king was seated and composed, and in perfect readiness to appear.

"On ordinary occasions all the curtains are raised at once, and after the chiefs had prostrated three times, they were desired to be at their ease, which was resting on their knees, and on which, when the business was over, they left the hall backward, the monarch remaining till every one had departed. On the presentation of an ambassador, extraordinary pomp and ceremony was observed. A great concourse of people was assembled, the royal elephants were drawn out, all the guards were on duty, and the approaches to the palace were illuminated. On entering the hall the chiefs and ambassadors had to prostrate before the curtains, which were managed with peculiar finesse. They were all suddenly drawn up, and as suddenly let down, affording at first only a momentary glimpse of his Majesty: after a pause, they were

slowly drawn up one after another, a certain number of prostrations being required for each, till the throne was disclosed and the king exposed to view: then the ambassador actually crawling, was led to the foot of the throne by the ministers walking in the most submissive attitude, and having delivered his letters, he had a troublesome task to perform of crawling backwards.

**THE VILLAGE MINSTREL**, and other Poems; by JOHN CLARE, the Northamptonshire Peasant. 2 vols. 12mo pp. 427. London, 1821.

Every circumstance that transpires relating to the character and conduct of the Northamptonshire peasant is interesting, and furnishes a striking instance of patient and perseverent talent in the most forlorn and hopeless condition that literature has at any time presented to view. The two volumes before us, though produced under circumstances of less difficulty than his first attempt, have still been penned at intervals snatched from the labors of industrious husbandry, which he is still doomed to pursue, to support his infirm parents, his wife, and child; yet a few noble individuals, on hearing of his genius and singular disadvantages, have come to his aid. The Marquis of Exeter allows him fifteen guineas a year, and Earl Spencer ten pounds; Earl Fitzwilliam has presented him with a hundred, and his publishers have generously added a similar sum. These, with some smaller contributions altogether yield him forty-five pounds annually, a sum, which, though insufficient for the support of his family, has afforded him considerable relief, and for which he appears to feel the utmost gratitude.

The small share of education he received, was the fruits of a few pence he earned at extra labor as a plough-boy, where two months' toil was required to pay one month's schooling, and three years' labor did no more than enable him to read the Bible. The perusal of Thomson's Seasons produced the first effect on this untutored child of the Muses. It was in the Summer of 1817, that Clare first thought of offering a small volume of poems to the public by subscription. He consulted a printer, who informed him that the expense of three hundred copies of a Prospectus of his work would cost a pound; and he set himself resolutely to work to obtain that sum.

All his Prospectus's were distributed; but, alas! they only brought Clare *seven* subscribers; *one* of these, however, was the means of recommending him better patrons, who had the honor of introducing his literary talents to the world. The principal poem, *The Village Minstrel*, was begun in the Autumn of 1819, and finished soon after the first volume made its appearance. The author is himself the hero of his poem, and paints with glowing vigor the misery in which he then was, and his anxiety for his future fate. It is a fine picture of rural life, and is a poem that in itself justifies all the praise that had been bestowed on its author, from its originality of observation, strength of feeling, and delicacy of sentiment. Among the minor poems in these volumes, we have perused with much pleasure *Cowper Green*, *Autumn*, and the *Song of Praise*. Some of the *Songs* and *Sonnets* possess considerable merit.

**THE AID TO MEMORY**; being a Common-Place Book, arranged upon a New Plan, with an Alphabetical Index, consisting of One Hundred and Fifty Heads, such as occur in General Reading. Wetton and Jarvis, London.

This work is designed to promote important advantages, as well as to contribute to the most pleasurable and rational entertainment.

Simple, yet judicious in its plan, it is calculated to answer every purpose which its title suggests. It certainly may be considered as a useful companion in the library; and, in fact, to every description of character and profession.

A list of general heads is prefixed, under which may be specified the appropriate subjects, which, in the course of reading, or experience, may be deemed desirable to preserve. Sufficient space is, however, left for subsequent additions. By inserting, under the respective heads, a reference to any publication, or anecdote, or circumstance relative to particular topics, the memory is agreeably assisted, and much loss of time and labor prevented.

The insertion in the Common-place Book immediately directs the reader to the precise source of information, for which he might otherwise search volumes in vain, or lament in fruitless solicitude the imperfections of memory.

A book of this kind is adapted not only to assist in pre-

sent composition, but to form an abundant source of information, and of amusement in riper years; and cannot fail to cheer the periods of affliction and of age, in recalling a variety of interesting subjects of previous reading, observation, and study.

**THE BEAUTIES OF MOZART, HANDEL, PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, and OTHER CELEBRATED COMPOSERS**, adapted to the words of popular Psalms and Hymns, for one or two voices, with an accompaniment and appropriate symphonies for the Piano-forte, Organ, and Harp. By an eminent Professor. Music 4to. 1821.

We have heard, but of this we are far from certain, that the editor of this volume of harmony is Dr. Busby; but we look at the work, not at the author, or name, attached to it. Some have objected to the adaptation of "right pleasant melody" to psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, under the idea, that, however the voice may be engaged, the mind will dwell on the original matter; but be it remembered, there are thousands of the fair sex and anti-Corinthian youths who are well skilled in the three divine instruments to which these Beauties are adapted, who are not familiar with theatrical favorites, particularly where parental restrictions are rigidly enforced and implicitly obeyed; why then are music and pathos to be confined to one limited sphere? Under these considerations, we feel no hesitation in recommending the work to our readers' notice.

JUST PUBLISHED.

**POMARIUM BRITANNIUM**; an Historical Account of Fruits, &c. Colburn and Co. By whom the author's new work on Vegetables will be published.

**SERMONS and Miscellaneous Pieces**, by the Rev. Robert Wynell Mayow, formerly of Exeter College, and Curate of Ardwick, near Manchester. Also, by the same author, **PLAIN PREACHING**; or, Sermons for the Poor, and People of all ranks. Budd and Calkin.

**ORIGINAL TALES OF MY LANDLORD'S SCHOOL**, collected from the Writings of the Brachmins, and translated from the Originals in the Shanscrit, by Wm. Gardiner, embellished with wood-cuts, will be published early this month.

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EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,  
FOR OCTOBER, 1821.

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His Majesty, after a short stay in England, on his return from the sister kingdom, set out on a visit to his Hanoverian dominions, by the way of Brussels, Lilse, &c. At the former place he visited the memorable field of Waterloo, attended by his Grace the Duke of Wellington and Lord Clancarty. His Majesty entered Hanover on Monday the 8th of October, and nine in the evening. The city was all gaiety and splendor; the houses were illuminated, and the military drawn out on duty; guns were fired, and the bells rung; and the populace thronged in all directions to the barrier through which their sovereign entered. Notwithstanding the distance from Brussels to Hanover, and the rapidity with which the illustrious traveller proceeded, his health did not appear to suffer beyond the ordinary fatigue of travelling and confinement of a close carriage, and even of this his Majesty had less appearance than many persons who composed his suite.

His Majesty had invited the Queen Dowager of Wirtemberg, the Landgrave of Hesse Homberg and his royal spouse, to meet him at Hanover; the latter soon commenced their journey, but it is not yet known whether the health of the Queen Dowager will permit her this pleasure.

The latest accounts received from Hanover mention the enthusiasm of all ranks to demonstrate their affectionate loyalty to their beloved Sovereign, who regardless of the length of journey and lateness of the season, has honored them with his presence. His Majesty was met at Storken by the Duke of Cambridge, Governor General of Hanover, and his royal brother the Duke of Cumberland, who, with his Duchess has visited Hanover on this joyful occasion. On the arrival of the royal carriage and suite toward the palace of Horrenhausen, twenty-one cannons were fired. On his entrance, the King was received by their Royal Highnessess the Duchesses of Cambridge and Cumberland, and with one on each hand appeared in the balcony, where he remained above

ten minutes, greeted by crowds of his subjects with the highest acclamations. In the evening, the Marquis of Londonderry, who had previously arrived, Count Munster, and other noble personages, were admitted to pay their respects. The city is extremely full of the most respectable persons in the kingdom. Independent of the local authorities, there are the Dukes of Mecklenburgh and Brunswick, and Ferdinand of Austria, and many German Princes connected with the Royal Family of Great Britain.

The Prince George, son of the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George, son of the Duke of Cumberland, were presented to his Majesty by their parents at dinner, on the day of his arrival, and were most affectionately pressed to the heart of their illustrious uncle.

On the 10th, his Majesty made a solemn entry into Hanover, on horseback, previous to which he gave audience to the officers of state, &c. In the evening, his Majesty, accompanied by his royal sisters-in-law, went in his carriage through the city to view the illuminations. The Dukes of Cambridge and Cumberland rode by the side of the King's coach.

On the 11th his Majesty held a levee, where the number of presentations was so great, that the King remained standing on his feet above three hours, graciously addressing himself to every one. At eight the same evening, the ladies were received. The Countess of Munster presented them singly to his Majesty. The king kissed each lady on the forehead, and addressed them in the most condescending manner. His Majesty appeared in the uniform of an Hanoverian Field Martial, with the insignia of the Guelphic Order.

The Duke of Wellington took leave of his Sovereign at Brussels, and has returned to Aspley-House.

The young Duke of Brunswick, it is reported, is to be installed as Sovereign of the Duchy in presenee of his guardian, the King of Great Britain. His Highness has completed his eighteenth year.

His Majesty will open the next Session of Parliament in great state. The original coach, on this august occasion, has undergone a variety of improvements, and its beautiful paintings, by Cipriani, cleaned and retouched; the body of

the carriage is restored to its former state, being open both in front and sides, with elegant plate-glass windows, so that the royal person will be distinctly seen by the spectators in his progress to and from the House of Peers.

Though only six years have elapsed since the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington is the only survivor of the officers who were commanders-in-chief on that important occasion.

On the 10th of October, his Royal Highness the Duke of York held a levee as Commander-in-Chief, at his office in the Horse-Guards, which was most numerous attended.

Clerks to the number of one hundred and twenty-five have been discharged from the various offices in the Bank of England, but with great liberality and attention to their comforts and prospects in life, each receiving an annuity in proportion to his former salary and length of service, or, if it is preferred, a sum of money instead of the yearly income; thus affording those who are still young, and have a talent for any profession or business, the means of embarking in it. We trust the East India House, in which great reductions are about to take place, will act with the same liberality.

Astronomy. Jupiter and Saturn, the most beautiful planets in our system rise nearly due east, about seven o'clock in the evening; the colored belts of Jupiter, with his four little moons and the luminous ring which surrounds the equatorial region of Saturn, and presents one of the finest telescopic views in the heavens, may be seen at nine o'clock, with a very good night-glass. The approach of these planets till next December, will be very striking; they are at present little more than three degrees from each other by a quadrant. Jupiter may at once be distinguished from any other star by his unrivalled splendor, and Saturn is at a little distance in a southerly direction.

The Counts Bertrand and Montholon have conjointly addressed a letter, in the French language, to the Editor of a London paper, of which the following is a literal translation—

SIR,

Several works, purporting to be manuscripts from St. Helena, having either been published, or announced, as "Some

"Thoughts," "Maxims, &c." "Secret Memoirs," "Napoleon, painted by Himself," "Domestic Griefs," "Verses," &c. as written by the late Emperor Napoleon; we beg leave to state, they are not by him; his manuscripts have been communicated to no person. We also disclaim the Memoirs announced under our names. We entreat you to have the goodness to give insertion to this letter.

We have the honor to be, &c.

DE BERTRAND.

MONTHOLON.

*London, Oct. 8th, 1821.*

Letters from Naples express considerable alarm respecting the state of Sicily. Reports are in circulation that a general insurrection had broken out. Some Austrian troops have been embarked with great precipitation, and sailed under the escort of two frigates for Palermo.

**Female Aëronaut.** On Sunday, the 9th instant, Mademoiselle Cecilia ascended in a balloon at Marseilles. The event very nearly proved fatal to the intrepid heroine; the balloon became entangled with a flag-mast on the top of a house, and lost its power of ascension, and beat violently against the balcony of an adjacent building; Madlle. Cecilia received a severe contusion in her side, and a severe injury on her left hand. She was indebted for her preservation to her unshaken courage; aware of the extent of her danger, and that she must be beaten from roof to roof, she determined on throwing out the ballast; but having caught hold of one of the sand-bags imperfectly, with her wounded hand, the contents fell into the bottom of the boat; she, however, remained undismayed by this fresh accident. The balloon suddenly extricated itself, and with a sudden bound, ascended majestically to an amazing height. The gas escaping in the ascent through an aperture, the lady came down sooner than she expected, about a league from Marseilles.

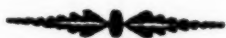
It is proposed to erect a national monument to the memory of the late Queen, and the committee, who managed the subscription to present her Majesty with a service of plate, intend to transfer the sums received, in aid of that purpose.

As his Majesty cannot, on account of his absence, honor the citizens with his presence on 9th of November, it is pre-

sumed he will fix a day, on his return from the continent, for that purpose.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate and effects of the late Christophe, King of Hayti, were, on the 3d instant, granted by the Prerogative Court to his widow, now resident at Osborn's Hotel, in the Adelphi.

It is asserted, that the juice of blackberries, which is in perfection at this season of the year, has, in repeated instances, cured the dropsy. Take a gill of the juice fasting, for four or five successive mornings.



## THE DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH London is almost forsaken at this season of the year by the multitude whose business is pleasure, the theatres are better attended, than is usual at this early period, and the houses fill at second price, without any extraordinary attraction.



### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE office of critic on the performances of this house, has been, for some length of time past, little else than a sinecure; for our readers would scarce thank us for dwelling on *Geraldi Duval*, *The Coronation*, and *Monsieur Tonson*. We have therefore only to record, that these pieces still retain their attraction to an extent that never could have been anticipated, and when any novelty is presented to the audience, we will be amongst the first to convey its plot, or fable, to our readers.

We are informed, that Mr. Kean is studying the part of *De Montford*, in the tragedy bearing that title. Miss Baillie has re-written the whole of the last act; and much interest is excited.

## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE

OPENED on the 24th of September, with *Hamlet* and *Undine*, or *Spirit of the Waters*.—The loss which the public sustained in its dramatic gratification during the absence of Mr. Young from the London boards, becomes apparent, now we see him resume those characters he left vacant on the stage. Amongst those, as one of the best, may be classed *The Stranger*. Mr. Young has always been considered to shine in this character; but we think he now appears in it far superior to his former exertions; the quietude of his most forlorn and hopeless fortunes was sustained with a dignified consistency. Until the eventful interview between him and Steinfort, he told the story of his hapless love with a tenderness that drew tears from the eyes of several of the spectators; but when he came to speak of the villain who took Adelaide from him, he elicited such a burst of feeling as is seldom observable in our theatres. The part of Mrs. Haller was sustained by Mrs. Brudenell, the lady who, a few weeks since, made her appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of *Belvidera*. This character, dignified as it has been by Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neill, is not in our opinion one of difficulty. A deep and silent sorrow unruffled by conflicting passions, pervades each scene in which she appears. Mrs. Brudenell's voice is against her, from its weak tones, but she acted with feeling, delicacy, and tenderness, and her success was decisive and unequivocal. Mrs. Fawcett was the Countess Wintensen, with becoming dignity. Farley's Francis, and Emery's Solomon, kept up their names as excellent performers. There yet remains one character to notice, hitherto considered very insignificant, we mean that of Peter, so long sustained by poor Simmons. Its new representative was Mr. Meadows, who stripping it of all the buffoonery with which it has been generally loaded, made "Master Peter" a very important personage in the drama, and ensured such applause as the part had never been honoured with before.

"The Exile" has been produced, or rather reproduced at this Theatre, a piece founded on the interesting and pathetic tale of Madame Cottin's *Elizabeth*, the Exile of Siberia. The coronation of the Empress Elizabeth is most tasteful and splendid in its scenic pageantry. The procession through the streets of Moscow, under a triumphal arch, is exquisitely managed. The

Empress is seated in a car, the golden surfaces of which reflect back all the blaze of the lamps ; the imperial robe descends behind the Empress, and envelopes its interior, dropping its massive fringe over its sides ; the car is drawn by six horses, with suitable trappings, and escorted by the body guard. The scene then changes to the interior of the cathedral, which displays a striking effect between the solemnity of the place and bustle of the occasion. It is to be presumed, from the correctness observable in most of the pieces of this house, that the view represents the real cathedral of Moscow. The ceremony of the coronation is grand and imposing. The Greek hierarchy are in their vestments of grey, purple, and lawn, with rich stoles ; the intervals of the colonade are filled with the representatives of an illustrious crowd ; the dresses of the Empress and her ladies are on a scale of profuse grandeur, and the whole reflects great credit on the proprietors of the Theatre. The actors performed their parts with success, and received as much applause as their parts admitted of. We were very sorry to see an insignificant part assigned to such an excellent performer as Fawcett. Mr. Farren seemed quite at home in the Governor of Siberia, and gave it a mixture of waspishness and generosity perfectly new.

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#### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

AMONGST the various successful productions of this season, the proprietors of the Haymarket Theatre have brought forward the "Marriage of Figaro," and given it to the public, supported by the rising talent of Mr. Leoni Lee in Figaro, the arch gaiety of Mrs. Chatterley as Cherubino, and the admirable and scientific execution of Miss Carew, and Miss R. Corri, in the vocal parts attached to the characters of the Countess and Susan, and by the successful exertions of several performers of established reputation, amongst the votaries of Thalia and Terpsichore. With all the powerful attractions of the delightful music of Mozart, it was almost impossible, that the piece should fail to receive the approbation of a liberal and enlightened public ; but, independent of this, the piece possesses so much sterling merit, such a rich fund of humour and satire. that it will never want admirers, so long as a correct taste, and a disposi-

tion to cheerfulness, shall be found in the audience of a British theatre. The "Marriage of Figaro" is one of those productions, which being founded upon the prevailing passions of mankind in all ages and countries, and holding up to public ridicule the follies and extravagance, which are but too commonly the fruit of opulent leisure, will always be acceptable to a mixed audience : while the fidelity, with which the author has portrayed his principal characters, will be sure to extort the silent homage of even those whom he has taken for his models. Though there is now scarcely a theatre in Europe, in which this celebrated Comedy, though laboring under many disadvantages inseparable from a translation, has not received the applause of admiring thousands, it was with the utmost difficulty that the author succeeded in bringing his piece upon the stage ; and as the subject is curious, and but little known, we shall offer an account next month of the early progress of "The Marriage of Figaro" for the information and amusement of our readers.

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#### SURREY THEATRE

RE-OPENED on the 22d of October, by the desire of several friends and patrons to the establishment, for a short season of six weeks, previous to the Christmas holidays, with a new melo-drame, called *The Duke's Bride* ; or, *Ruin of the Forest*, and a pantomime, *Three of Them* ; or, *Harlequin Hum, Strum, and Mum*, with an announcement of a fresh variety every successive week. Several favorite performers have been added to the strength of the house, amongst which Miss S. Booth, from Covent-Garden, makes her appearance for a limited period.

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It is reported, that Mr. Charles Kemble, if the differences between himself and the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre are not speedily adjusted, intends to take a professional trip to America with Mrs. Kemble.

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*Walking & Evening Dresses.*  
*Invented by Miss Porpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.*

*Pub. Nov. 1. 1841. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION  
FOR NOVEMBER, 1821.

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WALKING-DRESS.

HIGH round dress, of *gros de Naples*, of a bright lavender color, ornamented round the border with three distinct *rouleaux* of the same material; down the bust, from the back, are two rows on each side of acorn drop buttons. The *mancherons* of the sleeves are elegantly fluted, and finished by a row of puffing. Bonnet of lavender-colored *gros de Naples*, with small waving plume of the same color. Limeric gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

ROUND dress of white net over white satin, with a broad flounce, set on rather scanty, of Urling's patent lace; over the flounce two rows of net *bouilloné*, let in, and divided, and terminated by *rouleaux* of pink satin. Short sleeves of net and Urling's lace, with strap ornaments of pink satin: the belt fastened in front by a double rosette of pink satin. White satin body trimmed with quillings of narrow blond: a bouquet of roses placed very near the left shoulder. The hair elegantly and lightly arranged in ringlets, with a few simple brooches of large pearls; necklace of a double row of pearls. White kid gloves ornamented at the top. Pink satin reticule with silver clasp; and carved ivory fan.

The above tasteful and elegant dresses were furnished by Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*, 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

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GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

November's fogs and damp days are apt to cast a stagnation over the fashionable wardrobe of a modern belle; yet the gay versatility always prevalent in dress during the

month of October, will, nevertheless, enable us to render this statement interesting to our fair readers.

High dresses of sarsnet, forming at once a home costume and a pelisse, are much worn for the morning walk; they are generally of a bright plum color. Spencers of colored satin are also much in request, over white dresses, for young persons; and shawls of every description, either of the scarf kind, or square, are in general favor.

Leghorn hats, we are sorry to say, to the prejudice of our own manufactures, continue very fashionable; their favorite ornament is a wreath of pomegranite blossoms or other full kind of flower. Large bonnets of straw, in the village form, are much admired; they are ornamented with white riband, and finished at the edge with blond. Beaver hats of light brown, with feathers of the same color, constitute a beautiful and becoming out-door head-covering. Bonnets of pink crape, lined with pink and white puffings, are much admired for the carriage; they are finished at the edge by a blond, not set on very full, and ornamented with pink ribands, and white spiral flowers.

A British poplin dress of a bright geranium color, forms a beautiful home costume for ladies of rank and fashion. It has long sleeves of the same material as the dress, and at the border are three narrow flounces of the same color, in sarsnet. The body is in the *caneton* style, without sleeves, and is of muslin, beautifully embroidered in Moravian needlework. The bust is worked in stripes crosswise in the stomacher style in open work; under which stripes is placed the color of the dress, which has a very pleasing effect. Sarsnets of Spanish brown snuff color, with puckered kind of flounces are much worn in half dress: the body made partially low, a Henrietta Maria ruff of fine lace. White dresses are now chiefly confined to very young persons, and lose ground daily.

The cornettes, or mobs, are now appropriated to the breakfast table; and the small Parisian cap tied under the chin with riband, terminating in a graceful bow under the left ear, has taken their place in genteel undress and home costume. This tasteful little head-dress is lined with colored sarsnet, and is surmounted by a light half wreath of flowers. The Madrass and Moabitish turbans, we are sorry to say,

are quite on the decline; but however partial we might be to them, we must not complain; they kept their *high* station, with very little alteration, longer than any head-dress of modern invention. *Toque* hats and sultana turbans, with gauze folded round the head in various ways, form the prevailing evening head-dresses; while the youthful part of the fashionable world still adopt that most charming of all fashions (to them) of a fine head of hair, arranged in the most beautiful manner in braids and ringlets, only ornamented by a valuable comb, a tiara of pearls, or a wreath of harvest flowers.

The favorite colors are geranium, Canary-yellow, plum-color, and grass-green.

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#### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE Parisian ladies travel less than those of London; yet they have generally their stated Summer season, which they pass at their estates, at an immense distance from the capital; nevertheless, Fashion, attended by her handmaids, Taste and Fancy, is not idle, and on the altar of Beauty, (the toilet of the Gallic belle) these handmaids prepare all things ready for her return.

The month of November generally emancipates Madame la Marquise, or Madame la Comtesse, from her *ennuyante* retreat, and she joins the modish throng at Paris in the costumes which we hasten to lay before our readers.

When the weather is mild, however, the quality dame does not yet quit the fine India muslin pelisse, lined throughout with rose-colored sarsnet, that was last sent her from Paris. It is buttoned down the front with oblong buttons, and a foliage embossed trimming of rose-colored satin is elegantly placed from the shoulders down the sides round the border of the pelisse and the collar, which is very narrow: the *mancherons* are ornamented in a correspondent style. Pelisses, however, of colored sarsnet, or fine cloth, are most prevalent for out-door costume, with black velvet spencers, in the *canezon* style, over white dresses.

A bonnet of yellow crape, for the carriage, has attracted much attention and favor. It is lined with a very full puffing of *ponceau* and lemon-color, and is crowned with flowers and puffs of painted gauze of suitable colors. A large Leg-

horn hat, with a full plume of white ostrich feathers, is much worn for the public promenade, as are also gauze and crape bonnets, ornamented with field flowers: a narrow scarf is used to tie these bonnets under the chin. Several hats are ornamented with two or three moss roses, and little bundles of plantain. These hats are of chip, and are often ornamented with gauze ribands and clover.

White dresses are still worn in the morning; the borders embossed with muslin in foliage; some of these dresses are made low, and square in front: the neck is modestly shaded by a fine jaconaut muslin habit-shirt that buttons behind, but which has no collar. Some muslin dresses have nine narrow flounces; three set close together in a row, and the other two rows at equal and marked distances. The dress is trimmed down the side-seams of the skirt to correspond; the body is drawn *à la vierge*; and the short sleeves consist of quillings like the narrow flounces at the border. Evening dresses are of gossamer satin, hoop gauze, and crape of all colors. White lace *fichus* are generally thrown over the shoulder with these dresses. A beautiful gown of pink *gros d'Été* is much admired for evening parties; it is elegantly trimmed *à l'antique* with a profusion of blond. A Persian sash, with tasseled ends, is gracefully tied in front on the left side. A dress hat of white chip is generally worn with this costume, with indented edge, and lined with white satin. The hat is placed very much on one side, with a handsome plume of marabout feathers and ears of ripe corn for ornaments.

A dress hat of white gauze is also much, and justly, admired; the edge is trimmed with a double *rouleau*; and full-blown roses and white rockets are elegantly scattered about the crown. A white satin sultana turban is also very becoming as an evening head-dress; the Ottoman *rouleau* is of gauze.

Half-boots of kid, of a plum-blossom color, are very fashionable; and sky-blue slippers for half-dress.

In jewellery pearls and rubies have a decided preference; one pearl of the pear kind forms the pendant; and the knob of the ear-ring is of *Mina-nova*.

The most prevailing colors are Spanish snuff brown, sage-green, rose-color, and celestial blue.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



## CONWAY CASTLE.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH OF IT BY MOONLIGHT.

~~~~~  
By. J. A. S.  
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HIGH in the starry vault, 'midst fleecy clouds,  
The full-orb'd moon her brightest splendor gave,  
Play'd on the bosom of the whiten'd shrouds,  
Kiss'd the light oar, and trembled on the wave.

Soft blew the freshen'd breeze along the shore,  
And not a sound disturb'd the pensive ear,  
Save the low dash of yonder distant oar,  
Or the faint billow gently breaking near.

In awful beauty o'er the tranquil flood,  
Her ancient towers old Conway rear'd on high,  
Majestic still in ruin'd pomp she stood,  
The proud memorial of years gone by.

Upon her highest battlements and turrets grey,  
With fond delight the pensive moonbeam smil'd,  
And o'er the wreck of many a former day,  
Around their base in massy fragment's, pil'd.

A mild and partial light she gently threw,  
And shew'd the blasted oak which grew beside,  
Still unrefresh'd, tho' wet with eve's soft dew,  
'Reft of its leaves, and bending o'er the tide.

So shall the works of genius live sublime,  
When meaner things shall moulder and decay,  
And bid defiance to the hand of time,  
While tyrants fall or nations pass away.

## THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GREEK.

//////  
 BY T. B. G.  
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ERE the last struggle came, with accents mild,  
 A dying parent thus address'd his child:—  
 "Fair is thy form, my daughter! keep with care  
 Thy name as spotless as thy form is fair.  
 Whate'er thy lot may be, from Heav'n 'tis sent;  
 Be active, modest, frugal, and content;  
 And if some youth in fond affection's hour  
 Should woo, and win thee to the nuptial bower,  
 Be all thy mother was, then oft shall he  
 Bless through his life the hour that gave him thee,  
 And think in youth, and feel in life's decline,  
 A wife's best portion is a heart like thine."

## TO HEALTH.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARIPHRON.—BY A SCHOLAR.

COME, Heav'n's best gift, whose cheering rays,  
 Create a Heav'n below,  
 Come, on the remnant of my days,  
 Thy light, Hygeia, throw!

By fortune's lavish bounty pour'd,  
 If friends, wealth, pow'r, abound,  
 If olive-branches fair, the board  
 Of wedded love surround;

Of all, by mortal man pursued,  
 Thou art the sum and crown—  
 Thou fliest, and all his fancied good,  
 Dark waves and tempests drown!

(On sharp disease, can beds of state  
 A moment's peace bestow?  
 Friendship and love may mitigate,  
 But cannot heal the blow.)

But, ah! how few of all on earth,  
Thy lasting favors share!  
Shall then the mass of human birth  
Be swallow'd in despair?

No—through the clouds that gather nigh  
As health and strength decay,  
Triumphant faith, with eagle eye,  
Discerns a brighter day!

I know, O Lord! (for thou hast said)  
The meek-enduring mind  
With thee, by sorrows perfected,  
Shall sure acceptance find.

Yet, since each state Thou do'st ordain,  
Thy graces to fulfil,  
That strength or weakness, health or pain,  
May forward each Thy will—

Give me, from great afflictions freed,  
Life's *active* course to run,  
Thy minister to others' need—  
If not—*Thy will be done!*



## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS S——.

CHLOE had charms at fifteen years,  
Hal, twenty-five, did woo her;  
In vain his vows—in vain his tears,  
The maid was cold—beshrew her.

Chloe grew kind at twenty-eight,  
And happy fain would make him,  
But vain the smile bestow'd too late,  
The swain was cold—deuce take him.

Chloe, neglected, in her turn,  
To younger swains applied her;  
But vain the thought, that they would burn,  
When elder had denied her.

Chloe, while young, was passing cold,  
 And laugh'd at each fond fellow,  
 In vain she warms as she grows old—  
 None like their fruit too mellow.

Then, charming maid, be timely taught,  
 For time flies fast, and short is life,  
 Throw by your stilts—shun Chloe's fault,  
 And condescend to be a wife.

N.

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### MY LOVE IS BY MY SIDE.

Loud may the wailing night-wind blow,  
 The billows foam in pride,  
 I care not now how swift they flow,—  
 My love is by my side.

My native land, in distant shades,  
 Recedes far o'er the tide;  
 What reck I now how soon it fades,—  
 My love is by my side!

Oh! fear not then the lightning's play,  
 No ill shall thee betide;  
 Through me they first must search a way,  
 To thee, love, by my side!

The waves are hush'd, and smilingly  
 'Neath bright'ning skies we glide;  
 Ah! doubly sweet this hour to me,—  
 My love is by my side!

Soon from the blissful dream I wake!  
 They tear me, love, from thee;  
 Ah! well I feel my heart will break,  
 Upon the wide, lone sea!

And bright across the glassy stream,  
 The broad sun sheds its ray;  
 I care not now how bright its gleam,—  
 My love is far away!

The light wind wafts us to the shore,  
'Midst rippling waters' play;  
Whilst others smile, my heart is sore,—  
My love is far away!

Farewell! farewell! thou'rt lost to me,  
All tears are now in vain;  
This heart must beat in misery,  
Until we meet again!

ALEXA.

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### THE HAND OF HEAVEN.

//////  
By J. M. LACEY.  
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DESPAIR, and suffering, and sorrow,  
Had pour'd their bitterness on me;  
Hope had no ray to gild the morrow,  
And life was only misery!

Each coming day shed deeper sadness,  
And health along with hope had fled;  
Religion only saved from madness,  
This aching, agonized head!

At length, when nature's pulse was dying,  
That Pow'r which brought religion's balm,  
Gave back the life that seem'd fast flying,  
With health, and hope, and peaceful calm!

Cease then, woe's child, thy deep despairing,  
Remember, Heaven's hand can save,  
Though ev'ry sorrow thou art sharing,  
Though life seems hov'ring o'er the grave!

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### NUN-HEAD GREEN.

'Tis Summer, and the rosy hours  
Upborne on rapture's wing are seen;  
'Tis morning, and night's dewy show'rs  
Still brilliant shine on Nun-Head Green.

Hail! highly-favor'd spot of earth,  
Where health resides to bless the scene,  
And give to buoyant spirits birth—  
Hail! Peckham's pride, fair Nun-Head Green!

Oft 'mid thy foliage have I heard,  
'Thy happy, artless, minstrel guest,  
That lovely, little, social bird,  
The robin, with his crimson breast,

Have seen the lark on early wing,  
High o'er thy verdant charms arise,  
High o'er thy lovely landscape sing  
His song of praise 'mid cloudless skies.

Oft o'er thy sod my footsteps stray,  
While moonbeams glad the sweet serene,  
And through the dew-gem'd foliage play,  
Amid the moss of Nun-Head green.

On thy green sod where friendship dwells,  
May no unfriendly form be seen,  
But each new-year, with merry bells,  
Add happiness to Nun-Head Green.

*Newington Butts.*

J. M.

## LINES

WRITTEN BY A LADY ON OBSERVING SOME WHITE HAIRS ON HER  
LOVER'S HEAD\*.

THOU to whose power reluctantly we bend,  
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time!  
Alike the dread of lover and of friend,  
Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime?  
Already twining, 'midst my 'Thyrsis' hair,  
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

\* These Lines, though known to many of our readers, are so beautiful that we are sure no apology is necessary for again presenting them for their perusal.

Through all her forms, though Nature own thy sway,  
 That boasted sway, thoul't here exert in vain;  
 To the last beam of life's declining day,  
 Thyrsis shall view unmov'd, thy potent reign,  
 Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to charm,  
 Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant! when from that lip of crimson glow,  
 Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly;  
 When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,  
 And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;  
 When ruthless age disperses every grace,  
 Each smile that beams from that ingenuous face;

Then through her stores shall active memory rove,  
 Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,  
 And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love  
 Shall bend on Thyrsis in delighted view,  
 Still shall he triumph with resistless power,  
 Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

*From the Calcutta Gazette, June 9th, 1781.*

N.

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### SONNET.

ROBB'D of my wonted peace by churlish fate,  
 I fly to sports, bright scenes, vivific glades—  
 But sorrows there my well-known steps await,  
 Mirth flies my presence, and the landscape fades.

I seek the shade where resignation dwells,  
 Or mild indifference holds her envied reign;  
 Ah! still pursued by hapless Fortune's spells,  
 I but retreat to brood on *cureless pain!*

I traverse distant hamlets for content,  
 Join gambols rude, my cheerless hours to while,  
 But mem'ry still on persecution bent,  
 Forbids my heavy heart to force a smile;  
 And in each eye when gems of rapture shine,  
 The messengers of grief but beam in mine.

PHENCION.

## TO A LADY.—FROM THE FRENCH.

PHILLIS, among our painters rare,  
 Not one is found to equal you ;  
 For you at once the artist are,  
 Original, and picture too !

T. B. G.

**Marriages.**

W. H. Cotteril, Esq. of Throgmorton-street, to Miss Harriet Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late R. H. Lister, Esq. of Scarborough. M. J. Wolff, Esq. of Manchester, Jamaica, to Maria, third daughter of Hymen Cohen, Esq. of London. W. Chase, Esq. of Eaton, Norwich, to Susan Elizabeth, daughter of Philip Utton, Esq. of Aldely, Norfolk. At St. James's Church, Henry Charles, second son of Henry Hugh Hoare, Esq. of Barn Elms, Surry, to Mrs. Prince, youngest daughter of the late General Ainslie. At St. James's, Paul John Bedford, Esq. of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, to Lucy Anne Greene, late of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. At Tenby, Capt. Edward Stopford, R. N. to Mrs. Cockburn, relict of the late A. Cockburn, Esq.

**Deaths.**

Thomas Calvert, Esq. of Grafton-street, Bond-street. At Clapham, Mrs. Newberry, widow of Mrs. F. Newbury, of St. Paul's Church-yard. Suddenly in her carriage, Mrs. Williams, of Craig-y-du, Anglesea, the lady of Owen Williams, Esq. M. P. for Marlow. Of an enlargement of the heart, Horatio Nelson Matcham, second son to G. Matcham, Esq. and nephew to the Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile, and of the present Earl, aged 18. At Clumber Park, Notts. Miss Heath.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The communications of G. H.—J. S. D.—L. Y. R.—D. J.—Alexa,—P.—W. T.—The Dwarf,—Henry and Anna,—\*,—\* Winchester,—Germanicus,—Despair,—Song, by Z.—Verses to Miss L.—The Sigh of Hope,—and Stanzas, by L. M. and R. B.

We shall be happy to hear from J. B—n when convenient to him. The omission was unintentional.

Alexa was mistaken in supposing we alluded to her. Her communication was received with pleasure, and will shortly appear.

R. P. is perfectly inadmissible.

We shall be obliged to Z. to say what he means, as we are not fond of unnecessary mysteries.

We make our sincere apologies to the Maid of Kent; but we have really mislaid her former favor.